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HANNA-BARBERA

Huckleberry Hound



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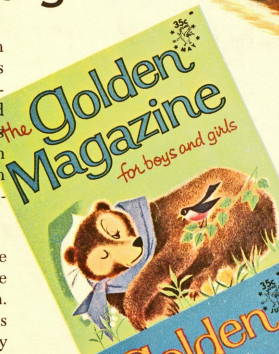
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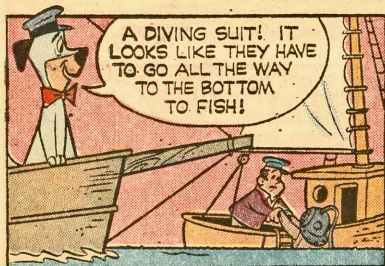
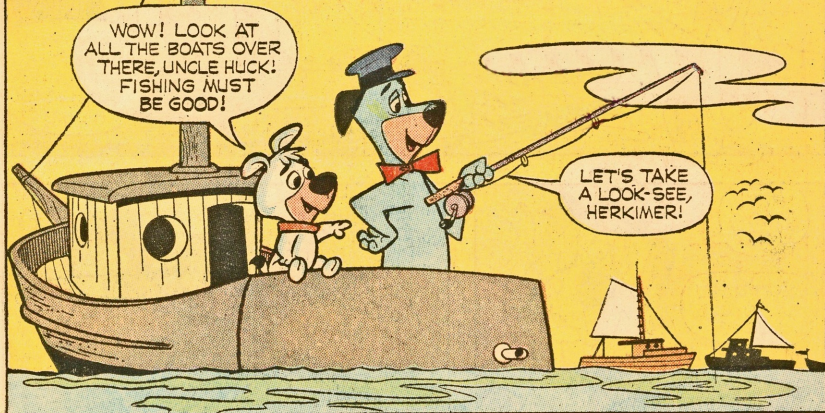
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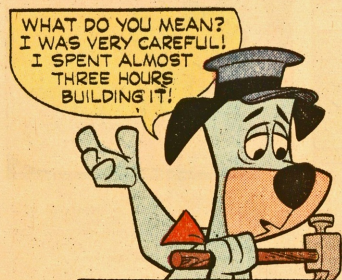
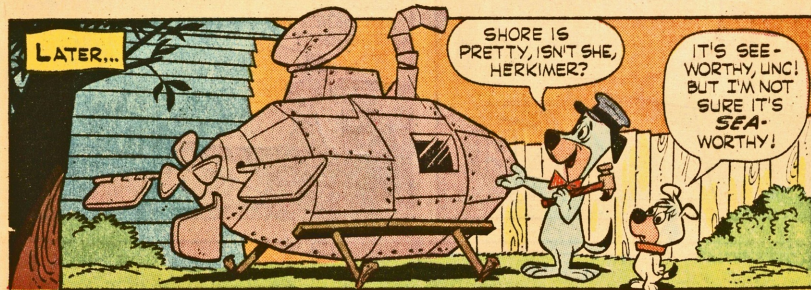
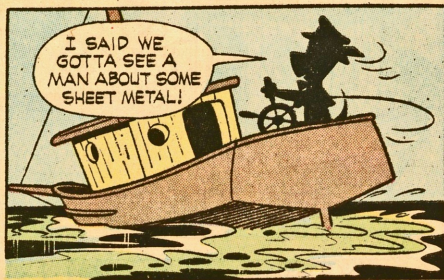
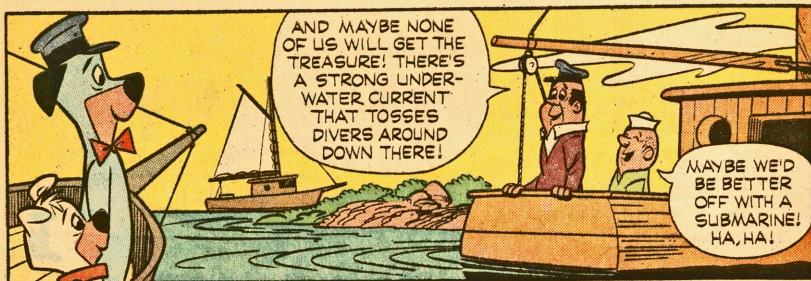
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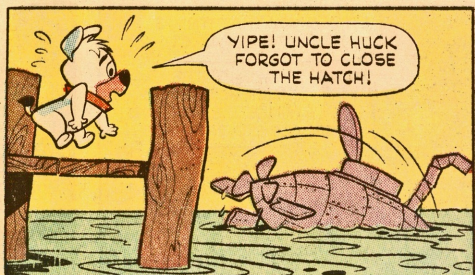
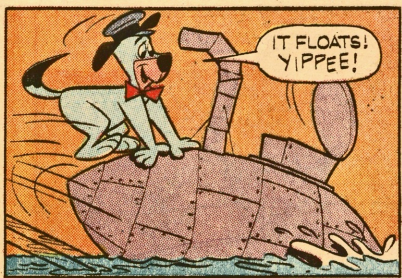
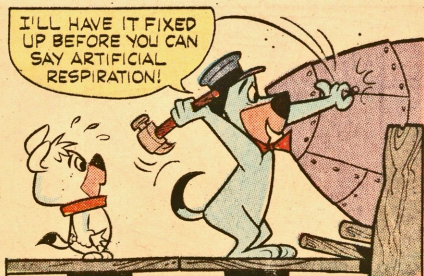
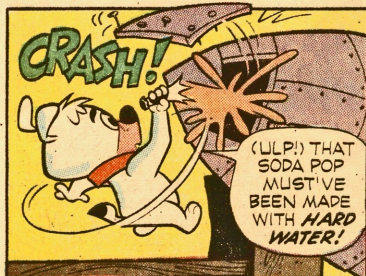
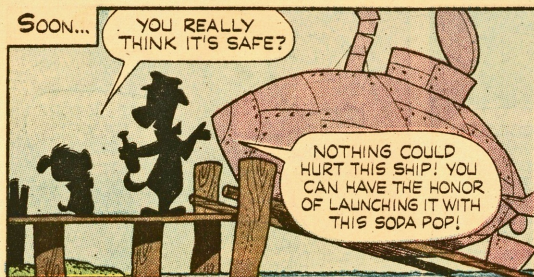
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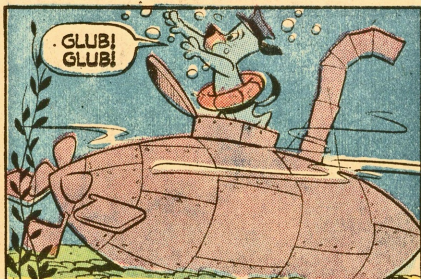
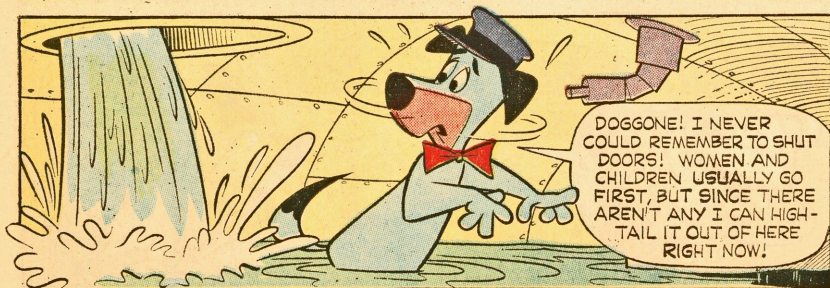
Hanna-Barbera **Huckleberry Hound**
SITUATION SUBMARINE



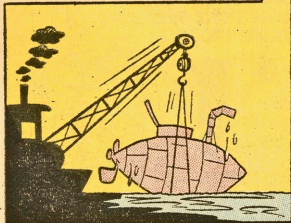
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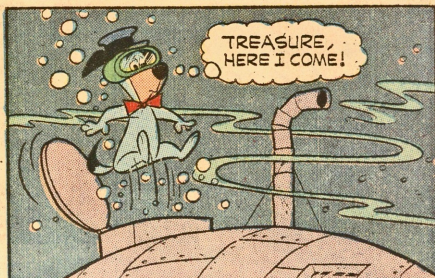
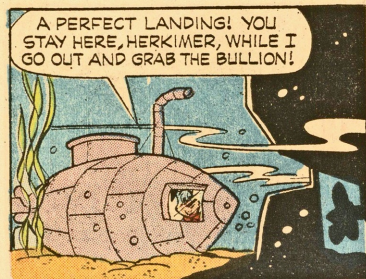
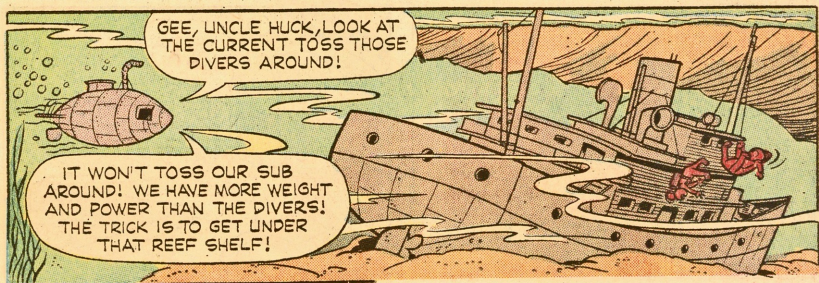
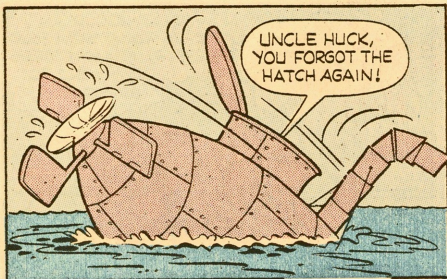
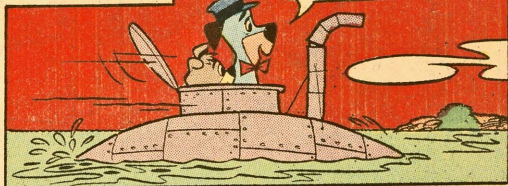


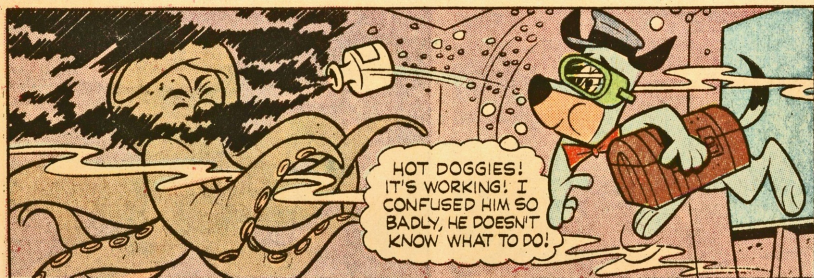
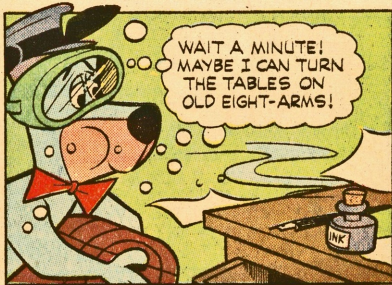
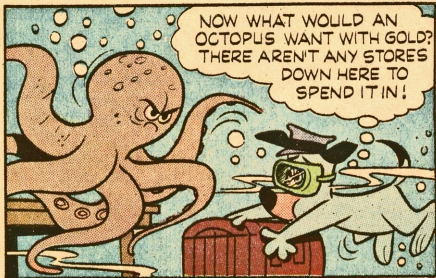
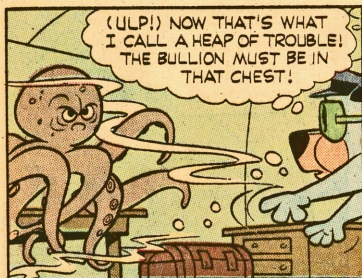
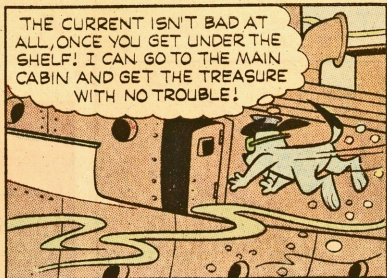
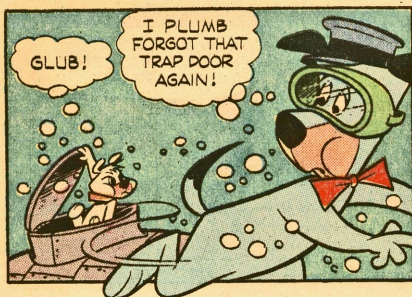


THE SUB IS RAISED FROM
THE OCEAN FLOOR...

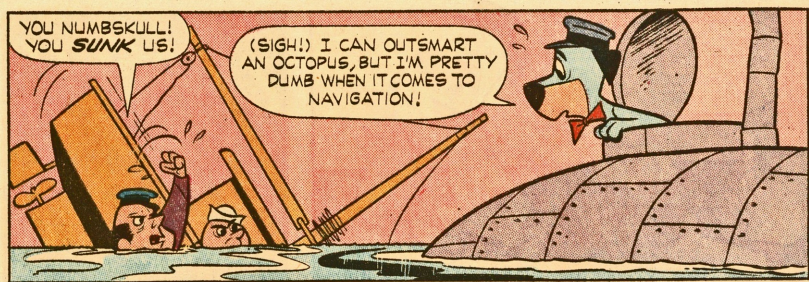
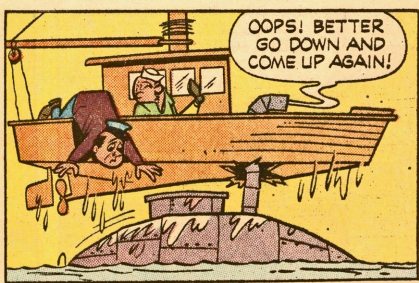
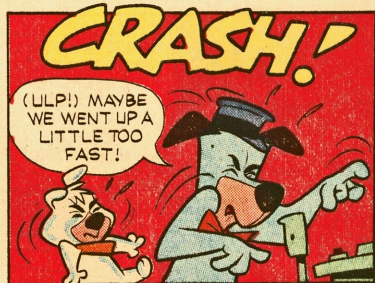


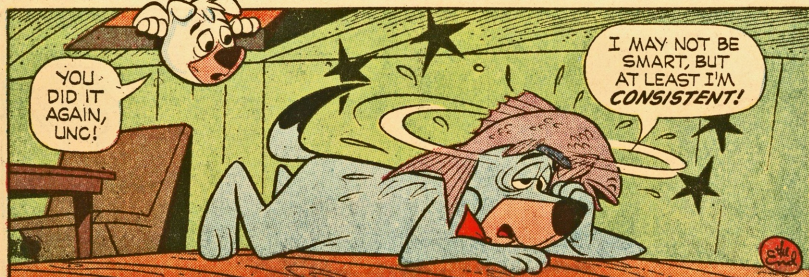
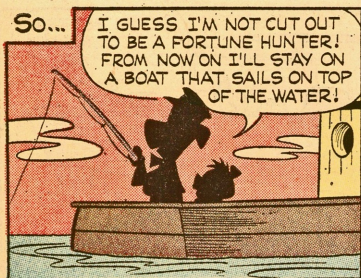
AND HUCK AND
HERKIMER ARE
SOON ON THEIR
WAY...





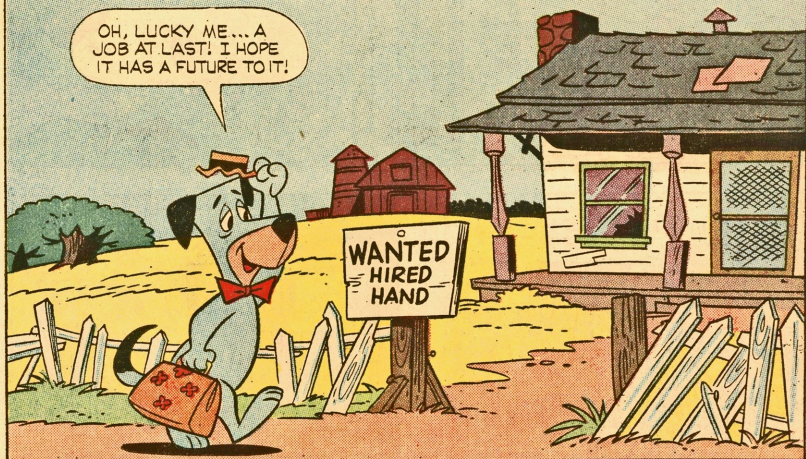
MINUTES LATER...





Hanna-Barbera Huckleberry Hound
THE HIRED HOUND

OH, LUCKY ME... A
JOB AT LAST! I HOPE
IT HAS A FUTURE TO IT!



AT LEAST IT HAS THE APPEARANCE
OF NOT BEING JUST PART-
TIME WORK!



KNOCK!
KNOCK!

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M BEING
SCREENED FOR THE JOB ALREADY!



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

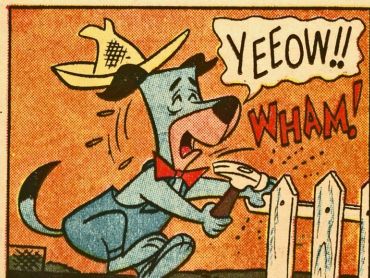
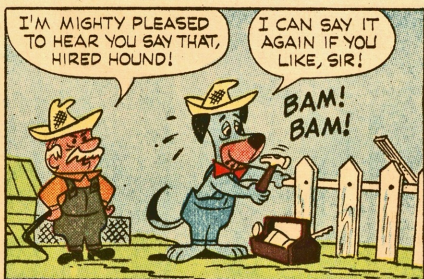
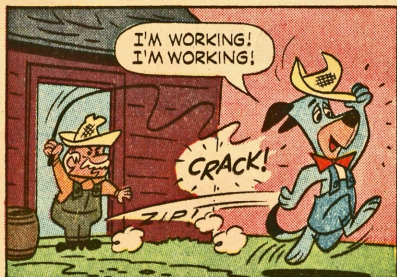
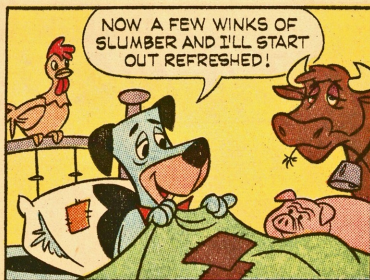
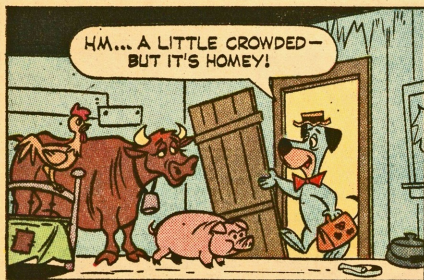
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR! I AM
APPLYING FOR THE POSITION
OF HIRED HAND...

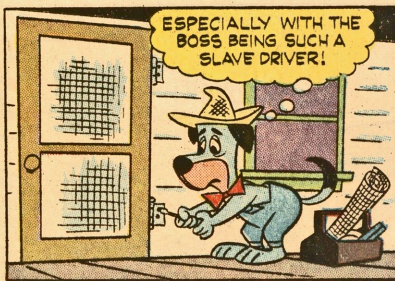
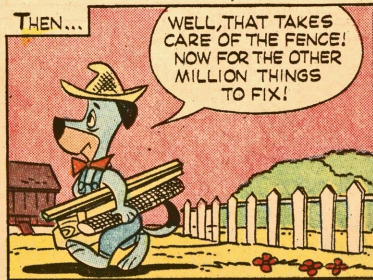
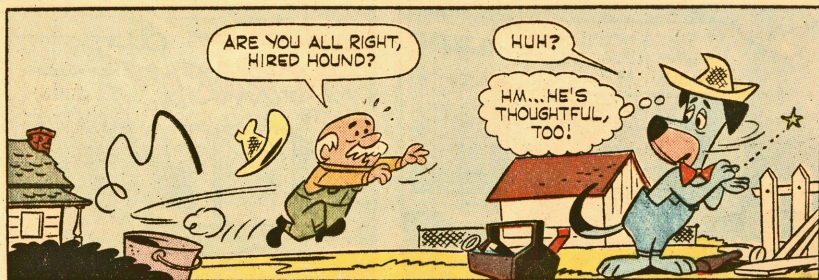


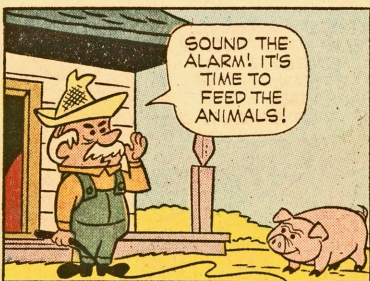
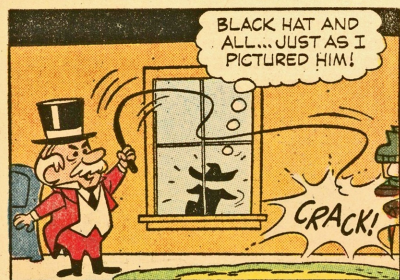
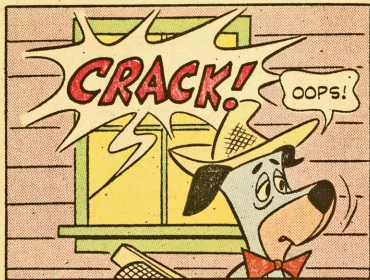
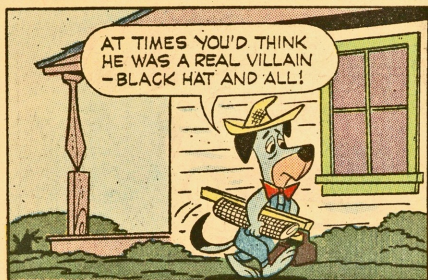
IF A HIRED **HOUND**
WILL DO JUST AS WELL!

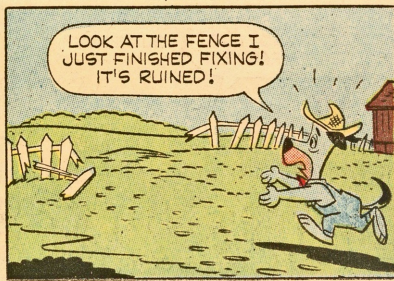
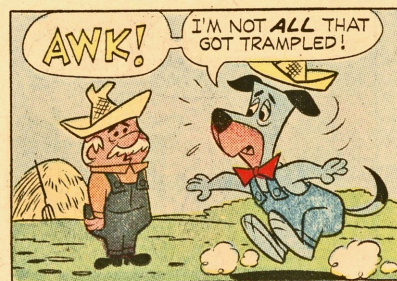
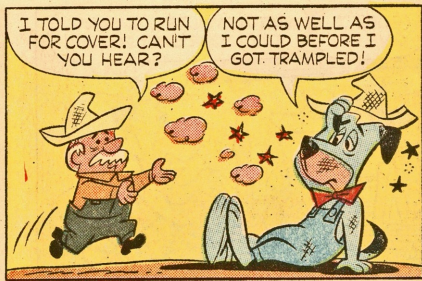
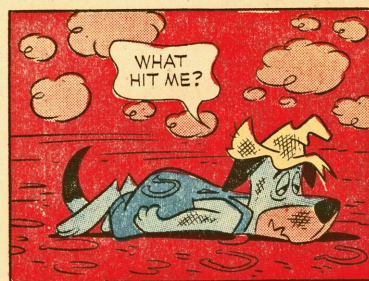
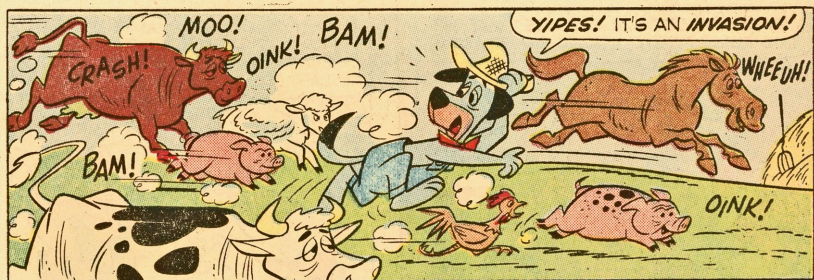
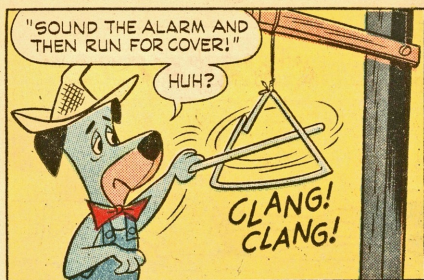
YOU'RE HIRED,
HOUND...YOU'LL FIND
THE BUNKHOUSE OUT
IN BACK!

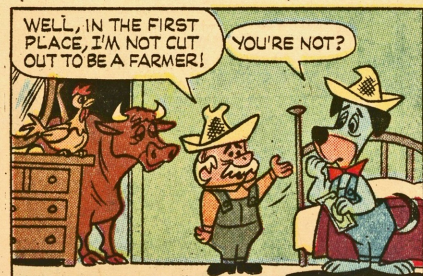
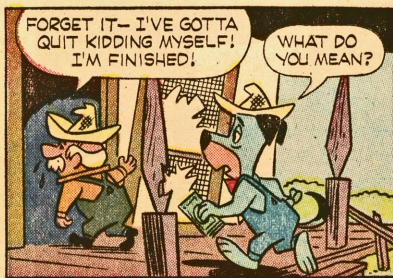
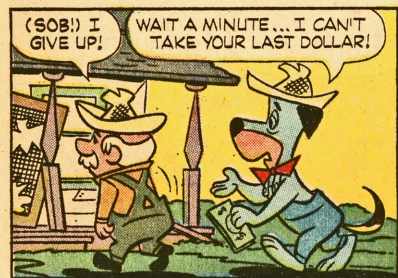
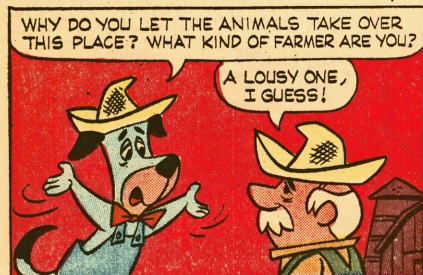
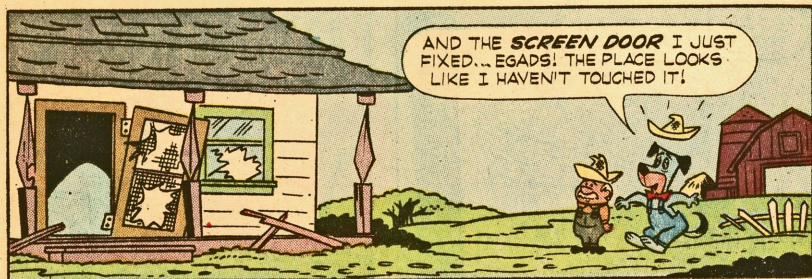


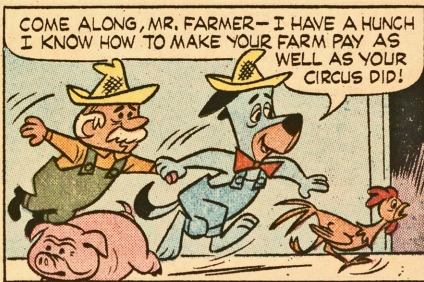
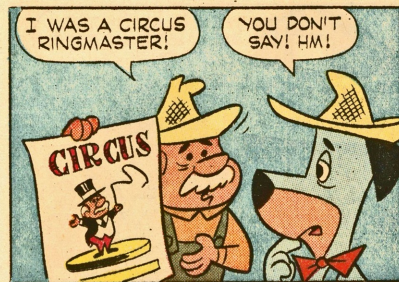
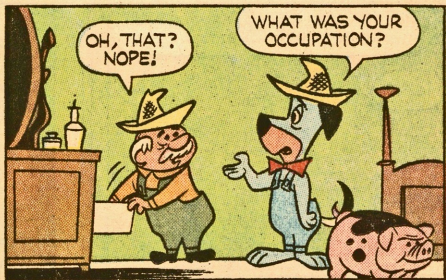
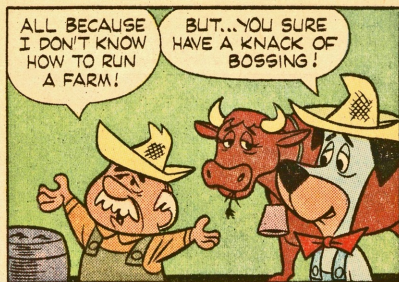












SOMETIME
LATER...

I SEE YOU GOT INTO
YOUR OLD OUTFIT
LIKE I SAID!

YEP!
BUT
WHAT
FOR?



YOUR TROUBLE IS YOU DON'T KNOW AS
MUCH ABOUT FARMING AS YOU DID ABOUT
RUNNING A CIRCUS!

I COULD
HAVE TOLD
YOU THAT!



BUT **DOING** SOMETHING ABOUT
IT IS WHAT COUNTS!

HUH?



LIKE COMBINING YOUR CIRCUS
TALENTS WITH YOUR FARMING!

WHERE'D ALL
THOSE PEOPLE
COME FROM?

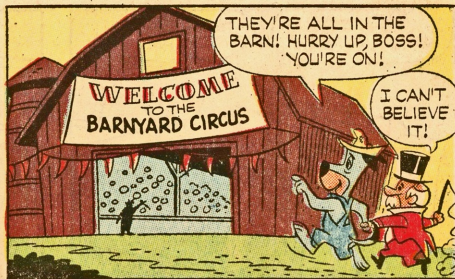


THEY CAME FROM THE CITY—
I PUT UP POSTERS ALL
OVER TOWN!



THEY'RE ALL IN THE
BARN! HURRY UP, BOSS!
YOU'RE ON!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



...AND IN THE NUMBER ONE RING
YOU SEE A COW BEING MILKED ...
OVER IN RING TWO WE HAVE
HAY-PITCHING...AND...

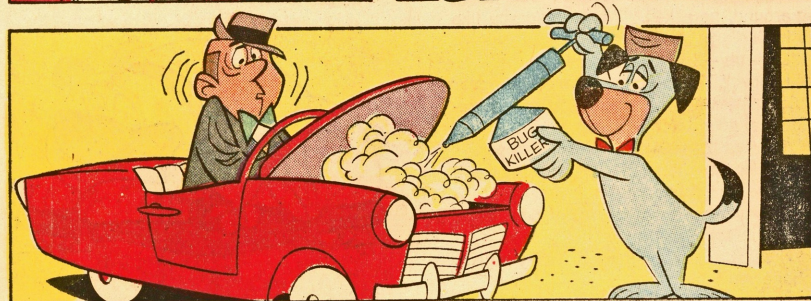
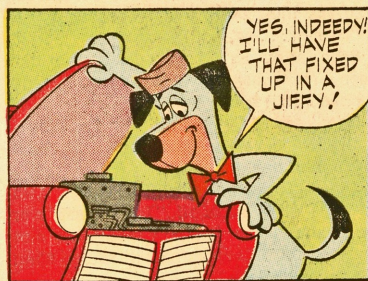
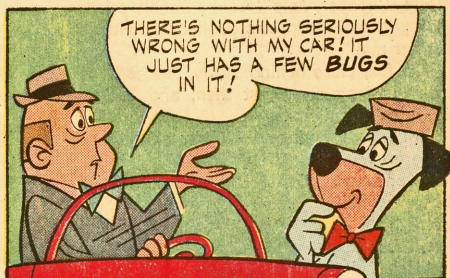
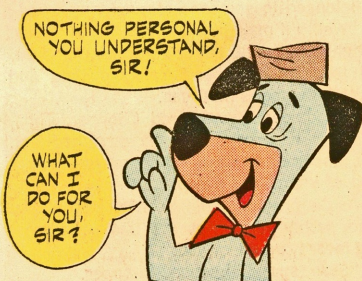
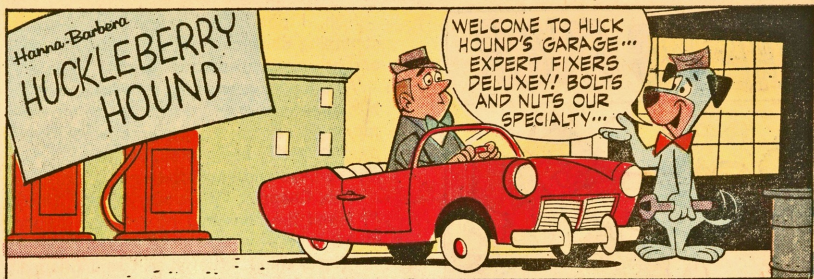
MOO!

OINK!

GEE! MY!
WOW!

WITH WHAT HE MAKES FARMING,
PLUS ADMISSION TO THE WIDE-
EYED CITY FOLKS, I THINK I
MIGHT HAVE A JOB WITH A
GOOD FUTURE AT LAST!





THE BIG FAVOR



"Help, Chopper, help!" Yakky Doodle cried, racing toward Chopper's doghouse. "Fibber is after me!"

The fox, close behind Yakky, reached out with his long arm, just then, and caught Yakky's tailfeathers.

"Chopper! Chopper!" Yakky screamed. "The fox has got me! Help!"

"Don't worry, little feller," answered Chopper, hurrying to Yakky's rescue. "He won't have you for long." As he raised his fist, Fibber quickly let Yakky go.

"Heh, heh, I was only playing with him," grinned Fibber, backing away.

"Well, go play with someone your own size," Chopper growled.

"Oh, Chopper," sighed Yakky gratefully. "You saved my life, for sure!"

"Aw, it was nothing," smiled Chopper. "I guess it's safe for you to go home now."

"I'm not going home. I'm staying right here," Yakky announced.

"Here?" asked Chopper, surprised.

"Uh-huh," answered Yakky. "You've saved my life lots of times, and I have never done anything to help you. So now I'm going to do the b-i-g-g-e-s-t favor ever for you!" Looking around, he asked, "What would you like me to do?"

"Er — uh —" began Chopper.

"I know," Yakky went on, before Chopper could answer, "I'm going to get you something real good to eat."

"Oh, that'll be nice," nodded Chopper.

As Yakky Doodle set off, Chopper chuckled, "Now ain't he cute?"

A few moments later, Yakky was back, carrying a big juicy bone.

"Here you are, Chopper," Yakky called. "I hope you'll like it!"

"Oh, I do, I do," murmured Chopper, chomping down on the bone. "It's yummy," and he closed his eyes in delight.

As Chopper opened his mouth for another bite, an angry voice growled, "Give me back my bone!" and a big dog grabbed the bone away! "Thief!" he shouted, bopping Chopper on the head and stalking away.

"Oh, Chopper, I'm so sorry," said Yakky. "I found the bone and no one was around, so I thought it was all right to take it."

"Never mind, little feller," said Chopper, holding his aching head. "You didn't know it belonged to someone else."

"Well, I'll make it up to you," said Yakky. "Right now, you'd better lie down. Come on, I'll fix your bed," and Yakky pushed and patted Chopper's mattress.

"Good idea," murmured Chopper. Then, "Oooh," he groaned, as he stretched out. His once-comfy straw mattress was now a bed of lumps and bumps!

As Chopper was falling off to sleep, Yakky said, patting him, "Now you think of a great big favor I can do for you."

"Sure, sure," answered Chopper.

A few moments later, Yakky whispered, "Did you think of anything, Chopper?"

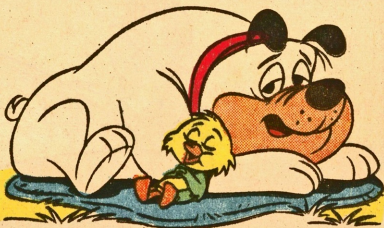
"M-m-m . . . no, no," Chopper murmured.

Soon after, as Chopper stirred in his sleep, Yakky asked, "What do you want, Chopper? Is it a big favor?"

"No," sighed Chopper, "I was dreaming."

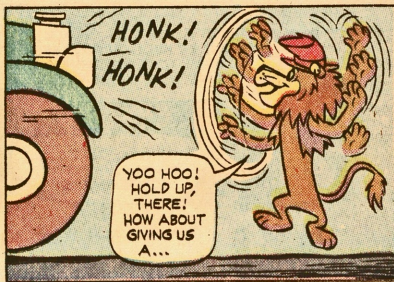
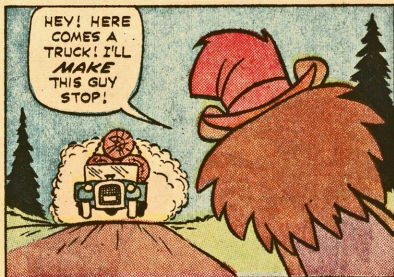
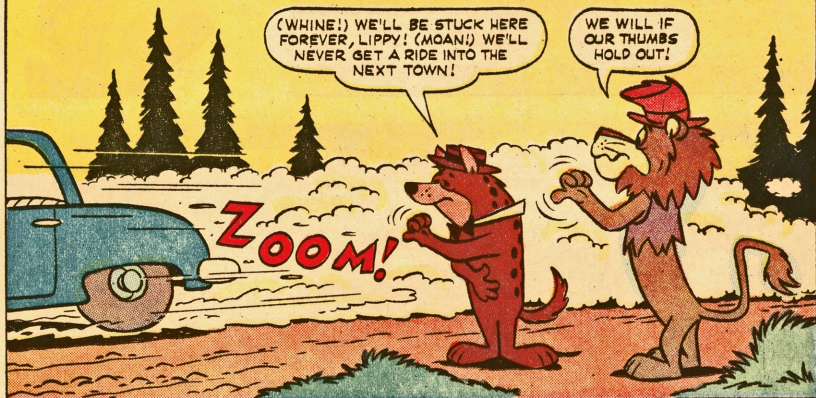
"Oh," said Yakky. "Well, then, I think I'll take a little nap, too."

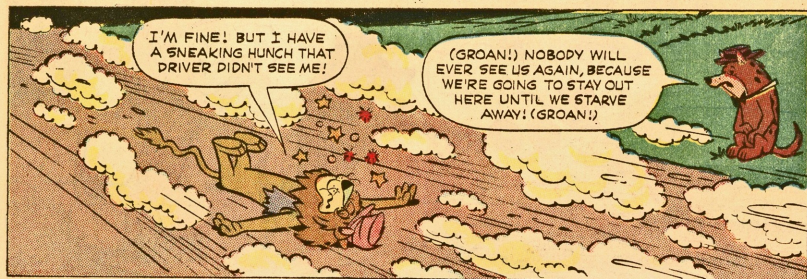
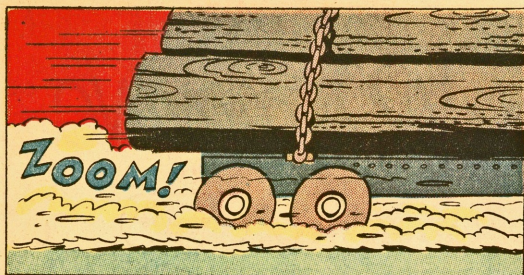
"That's it, little feller," Chopper said softly, as Yakky dozed off. "The biggest favor you can do for me right now is to take a nice long nap!" And Chopper happily settled down to a peaceful sleep.

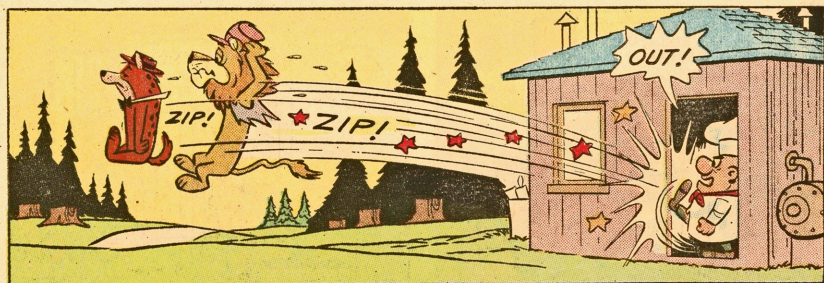
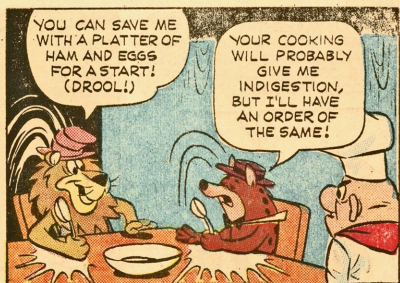
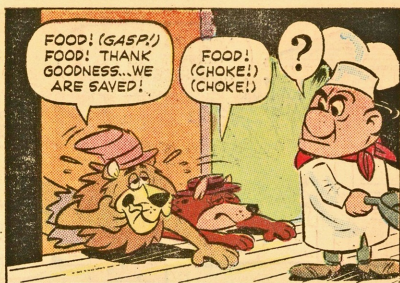


Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har

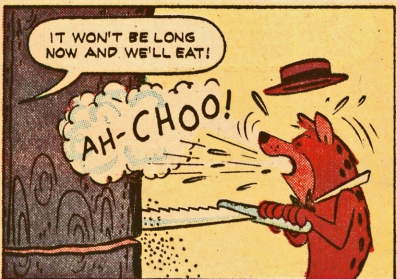
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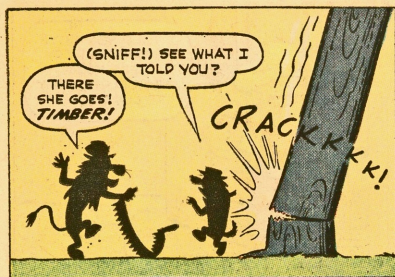




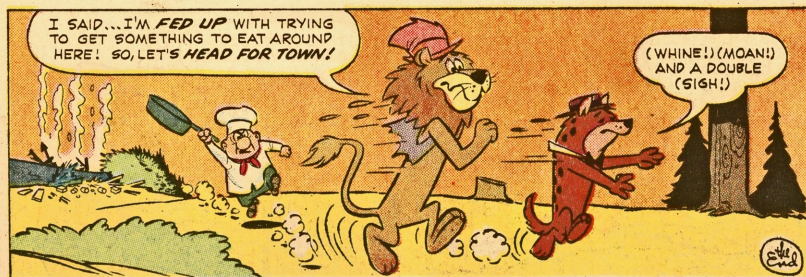
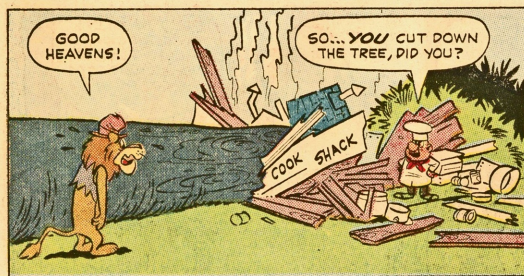


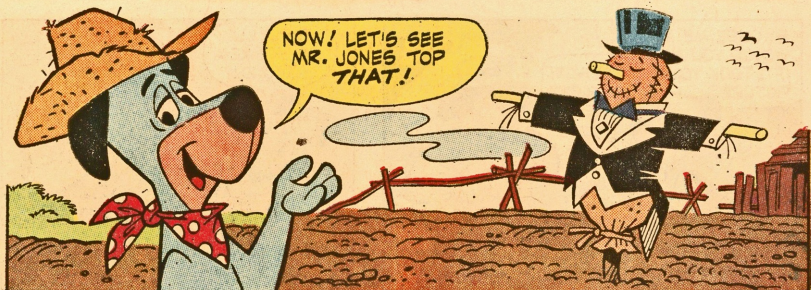
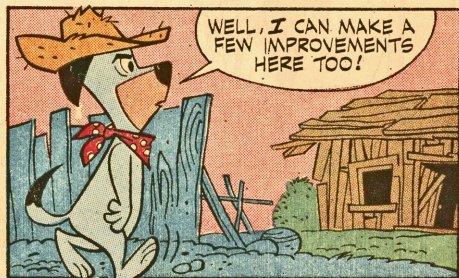
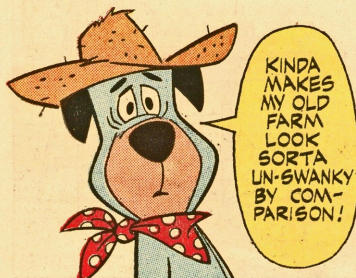
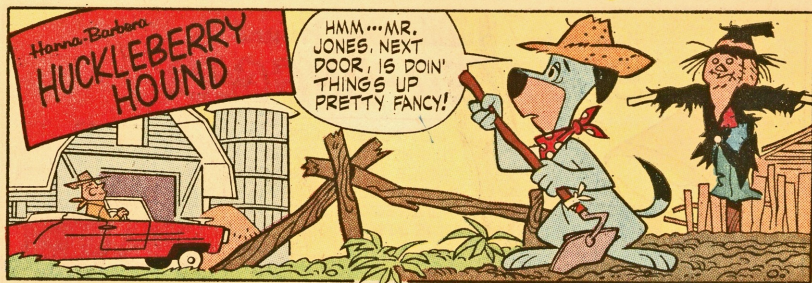






KER-ASHHHH!





Hanna-Barbera **Huckleberry Hound**
SHUTTER-BUGGED

